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careful and minute investigation so requisite, before hazarding an opinion on such a subject. Had Mr. Carne taken the trouble of consulting a little more carefully the fourteenth chapter of the book of Exodus, he would have discovered, not only that his plan for the escape of fugitives who fled on foot before a mounted enemy, would, humanly speaking, have been madness; but that the fact that the Israelites walked upon dry land, in the *midst* of the sea, and the waters were a wall unto them, on their *right hand*, and on their *left*, is twice repeated in the 22d and 29th verses, in a manner so precise and emphatic, as wholly to preclude his nice easy little theory, for saving the Israelites by a sort of half-miracle.

*Tales of the Classics.* A new delineation of the most popular Fables, Legends, and Allegories commemorated in the works of Poets, Painters, and Sculptors: selected and written by a lady, for the amusement and instruction of her own daughters.—3 vols. 8vo. London, Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

It is not easy for a scholar, who has quarried his way through hard rock Greek to a competent knowledge of the various topics of classical antiquity, to do justice to the prettiness of a lady's book on such a subject. Nevertheless, if the polished corners of the Temple are to be adorned with the flowers of Heathen mythology, we know of no work in which the portion of information fit to be made known to them is more fully or more delicately conveyed, than in that which forms the subject of the present notice. It commences with a prose paraphrase of the beginning of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, touching Chaos, the Creation and the Four Ages of Gold, Silver, Brass, and Iron. Then come the Wars of the Giants and Deucalion's Flood. And eke the various stories of Ovid (to whom, after all, even we who affect to be skilled in scholar-craft, are principally indebted, after Hesiod, for our information,) stripped, however, of their apparent indelicacy and suitably attired in holiday terms. The Greek and Roman stories are continued down to the time of Julius Cæsar. It happened that recently before taking up these volumes, we had been reading over, we shall not say whether for the tenth or twentieth time, the Hecuba of Euripides, stopping at the completion of the beautiful unity which terminates with the death of Polyxena, so feelingly described by *Talthybius*. In glancing over the third volume of the *Tales of the Classics*, we met the following version of the story:—

"The Grecian fleet being about to depart from this port, Agamemnon and his brother officers determined, previously to their embarkation, to go and pay their devotions at the tomb erected to the memory of Achilles on the shore. Suddenly the ghost of that hero appeared, standing in a menacing attitude on the cenotaph. It had a fierce and frowning aspect; and in a hollow murmuring voice it uttered these words:—'Tremble at the thoughts of departing from this coast, without first making a sacrifice to the manes of Achilles. He demands the blood of Polyxena.'

"The young and beautiful princess, the last consolation of her afflicted mother, was now torn from the bosom of the distracted Hecuba, and led away to be sacrificed. The high-priest,

Calchas, commanded that this cruel rite should be performed by the hand of Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles. The magnanimity and fortitude of the illustrious victim proved equal to her grace and beauty. She expressed her willingness to die, begged that she might not be bound, and implored Pyrrhus to console her with the promise that her body should be delivered, without ransom, to her mother. Having received this assurance, she submitted calmly, and without a murmur, to the stroke of death. The spectators wept bitterly; and even Calchas, accustomed as he was to such bloody ceremonies, could scarcely refrain from tears."

If Euripides was a misogynist, hath not the "lady" had her revenge?

### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Family Classical Library*; vol. I. Demosthenes. London, Valpy, 1830.

This is a reprint of Leland's Demosthenes, to be concluded in the second volume. The Family Classical Library is intended to present a series of the most approved translations of the classical authors, as Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Homer, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, Virgil, Horace, and the rest, on an uniform plan, and at a moderate price. As this is only the old story over again, of pouring from one bottle into another, we have nothing to offer in the way of criticism, except to say, that the mechanical details, which in this case constitute the sole business of the Editor, seem creditably executed. The character of Leland's translation of Demosthenes, is long established, and deservedly very high. There is no intimation of any new translations appearing in the course of the work; and on the whole, it seems rather a book-making sort of concern.

*Ringstead Abbey*; or the Stranger's Grave, with other Tales. By an Englishwoman. London, Hurst, Chance and Co. 1830.

This book is written, we believe, by Mrs. Sargent, author of a life of Cranmer, and some other works. The story is lady-like and smoothly told; and a sort of female Tremaine is converted to Christianity in a very decorous and edifying manner, by the serious reflections suggested to her, by a certain "very good sort of woman," entitled lady Delamore,—to say nothing of the sympathetic feelings awakened in her breast, "all by the death of a nate young man," who departs this life in a very becoming and obliging way, principally for the sake of the opportunity that circumstance affords him, of leaving his prayer-book to the fair recusant. This tender incident, is, of course, too moving to be resisted for a moment. The young lady, therefore, has no more to do, but sink upon the breast of lady Delamore, (mother of the dear deceased,) and confess, in a very pretty speech, that she is no longer faithless, but believing. A great deal of choice matter follows this; but in the end, after a due proportion of deaths, births, and marriages, intermingled with a constant seasoning of religious instruction, all that remain upon the scene, are made as happy as the day is long, and the curtain falls. By those who relish spiritual consolation ministered promi-

nently and in terms, in a tale of fiction, this will doubtless be considered a desirable book. It is really very respectably and evenly written, and the spirit which pervades it, is excellent; but to those who require strong meat on subjects of divinity, it will appear a weak production.

*The Court and the Town during the Reigns of Louis XIV. XV. and XVI.* or Historical disclosures from unpublished MSS. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, Dentu, 1830.—London, Dulau and Co.

WE mention this Work only because it has obtained considerable celebrity in Paris. The fact speaks volumes for the state of public morals in that city. It is a confused compilation of disgraceful stories, fit only to adorn the pages of the scandalous magazine, and to pollute and debase the minds of those who delight to rake into such abominations. It is some consolation to us to have burned the only copy, we believe, that came to Ireland.

### PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

*The Westminster Review*, No. XXIII.—January, 1830.

THIS is avowedly the Radical Review of England, and accordingly we find it, as might be naturally expected, coarsely written, but with much vigour and ability mingled with its coarseness. It is also, as might be reasonably anticipated, very political, and therefore we have not much to say to it. The present number, contains a long and carefully written article on the provincial newspaper press, which must have cost an infinite deal of labour to compile, and in which, after all, we do not feel disposed to repose much confidence, founded as it necessarily is, in a great measure, on official and parliamentary papers, for the authority of which, at least as taken by an uninitiated person, we entertain no very profound respect. The portion which relates to the press of Dublin and of Ireland generally, will however, doubtless prove interesting to Irish readers. The writer gives a minute detail of the circumstances, and persons, connected with each of the newspaper establishments in Dublin, and elsewhere, which we of course avoid, both as political and personal.

The articles in the Review which pleased us most, were those on the poetical works of S. T. Coleridge, in which we were equally surprised and gratified to find, that almost justice is done to Mr. Coleridge's transcendent poetical genius, much as his political prose is abused, and the short one on Frisian Literature. The translation from a little piece entitled *Nacht*, in the *Lapekoer*, a Frisianland album of prose and verse pieces, is beautifully done, but there is no intimation of the source from which it is derived.

A Foreign Literary Gazette was last week commenced in London; we believe it is in connexion with the London Literary Gazette, and as it seems conducted with ability, we trust, it will succeed. It is mortifying to reflect, that while London supports two Foreign Quarterly Reviews, and will, it may be fairly presumed, extend sufficient patronage to this hebdomadal miscellany, Foreign Literature is so little cultivated in Dublin, that new continental works rarely reach our metropolis till they are almost forgotten every where else.